

CITY

A Duet

Performance duration is indicated as 40 minutes, but it can last more than an hour or repeat until the performers are completely exhausted, hate to continue, when the room is empty, or when they are not allowed to continue their act.

The space is normally lit. He stands near the edge of the wall, almost leaning, looking into the distance. She is close to him, glancing around as if searching for something, avoiding eye contact. She goes to the laptop to set up the tech as if nothing is ready.

While she is doing that, the invigilators suggest to the visitors that they sit wherever they feel comfortable. There are no chairs.

The visitors enter the space, but the performers ignore them.

The sounds are pre-recorded. The performance begins when the sound from the speakers starts. The soundtrack is 40 minutes long, serving as a time indication of the performance's length, though it doesn't necessarily have to last the full 40 minutes.

The performance finds her close to him, almost squeezed onto him, trying to step on top of him.

He begins following the script as it is prerecorded. His real-time voice sometimes sings the text, sometimes mumbles it, as if it is something that has either happened or is going to happen. Their faces remain neutral, while his voice constantly changes pitch—frenetic and indecisive.

Can we talk about the strategy of meeting?

The infusion of minerals and water is called a solution.

The addictive force of solution runs in our wet fingers over our lips.

We want the language to speak to us, and we want the moisture of each phrase to taste registers of texture, gummy on our teeth. We want to feel something everywhere, surrendering to the volume of our solution so we can practice diligence in our application, massaging on our soft naked feet, running our tongues over each other's toes and hoofs. Our desires felt soggy until the osmotic transitions of knowing inhabited the membranes we had once guarded in a paranoid delusion of immortality.

The knowing was new, and it was old. It came upon us with the signals of the reckoning.

Every hole we dug was filled with salt water, and there wasn't enough grace in the world to freshen it. Learning salutes the water of the rain. They placed on the corners of the galaxy rocks of salt and turned the stars into morning sparks. It rained suddenly, my companions sat on the terrace to eat, they would not see me, they traveled with dry bread and olives, they whispered stories of the planets they had visited. No one can speak each other's names. It seemed obvious, and no one felt offended. I speak a language that sounds like thrusting leaves to them, they speak of a language that seems like crashing stones to me. I turn to a face that seems familiar, a journey of lines and expressions, unpredictable knowledge as I touch their face. At the sea, you can look back while staring ahead on the horizon. You can make from scratch what you can call from now on your home. Like supernovae, singularity can become a black hole and a sun. We used salt for the singularity to multiply, shift, and shape without dissolving during transmutation. We deliver the desires of the dead to the living and back to them to us, with salt, an index.

Salt came from the moon and the collected sweat, by dried perfumes of trees, flowers, plants, mud, cliffs of humid, and animals' happy hormones. I turn to a face that seems familiar, a journey of lines and expressions, unpredictable knowledge as I touch their face. They reminded me of the time I could see them as they were without calling them spirits or people. And as they stared at me, we transmuted into crystal, we spent hours licking our wounds, culminating fire to clothe ourselves and others.

Their smell is my navigator tool, I build a compass to travel back to them all over again. They often talk about a sweet metallurgic taste, which they placed on the corners of the galaxy, turning the stars into black holes, pulverized substances, and strange liquid. With no origin, fed from desire, leftover sweats, salty milk of dolphins, and hibiscus tea, possessed in joyful rituals crave this addictive force and continuously surrender into it; to construct together vernacular strategies, tools, stories, tribes, songs, solitudes, sounds like thrusting leaves, crashing stones, encourage conspiratio phonema, timelessness phenomena.

(Singing together)
Hymn to Questions of Being

(Verse 1)

What does it mean to be a land,
To call a place a country's stand?
What is membership, we ask,
In this vast and varied task?

(Chorus)

Oh, questions of our hearts and minds,
In seeking truth, our path we find,
Through silence, speech, and every sign,
We build a world, a place divine.

(Verse 2)

What does success truly mean,
In capital cities, dreams unseen?
What's the taste of this design,
In an organized, structured line?

(Chorus)

Oh, questions of our hearts and minds,
In seeking truth, our path we find,
Through silence, speech, and every sign,
We build a world, a place divine.

(Bridge)

Is departure where we start,
Sustaining life through every part?
What resources feed the heart,
Who cleans the dishes plays their part?

(Verse 3)

Orthopedic pillow, blanket warm,
Glasses, coffee cups in storm,
Tasks short-term, printer's form,
Clean the space where thoughts transform.

(Chorus)

Oh, questions of our hearts and minds,

In seeking truth, our path we find,
Through silence, speech, and every sign,
We build a world, a place divine.

(Verse 4)

Make the poster, print the news,
Website updated, pile of bills,
Chinese medicine, agreement dues,
Finding language, self to use.

(Chorus)

Oh, questions of our hearts and minds,
In seeking truth, our path we find,
Through silence, speech, and every sign,
We build a world, a place divine.

(Outro)

Self-treatment found in silent space,
Discussion leads to knowing grace,
Before the next steps we embrace,
We find our truth, our rightful place.

(Singing together)

Hymn to Vernacular Community

(Verse 1)

In knowledge settlements so high,
A colony of minds confined,
Universities, a realm so wide,
Where knowledge's chains we often find.

(Chorus)

Oh, let us build a community,
Where hearts and hands unite as one,
Abolish zero, set us free,
In face to face, true knowledge spun.

(Verse 2)

Without the written, free from bounds,
No monopoly of minds around,
Without the zero's empty sound,
Our profit's rule cannot be found.

(Chorus)

Oh, let us build a community,
Where hearts and hands unite as one,
Abolish zero, set us free,
In face to face, true knowledge spun.

(Bridge)

Together we shall cook and breathe,
Mixing breaths, our souls to weave,
In "conspiratio" we believe,
A space where words and silence cleave.

(Verse 3)

Telecom's mask we now discard,
Our voices pure, our truths unmarred,
In spaces where new sounds are sparked,
Where words are more than discords hard.

(Chorus)

Oh, let us build a community,
Where hearts and hands unite as one,
Abolish zero, set us free,
In face to face, true knowledge spun.

(Verse 4)

Let minerals and waters blend,
Our fingers trace where words transcend,
In spaces where the sounds extend,
And meanings shift and never end.

(Chorus)

Oh, let us build a community,
Where hearts and hands unite as one,
Abolish zero, set us free,
In face to face, true knowledge spun.

(Verse 5)

From scratches, rubbings, let's create,
A place where voicings resonate,
Beyond the words, let's contemplate,
Our shared existence, celebrate.

(Chorus)

Oh, let us build a community,
Where hearts and hands unite as one,
Abolish zero, set us free,
In face to face, true knowledge spun.

(Outro)

So let's construct vernacular ways,
To heal, to cure, to light the blaze,
Of knowledge free from numbered maze,
In unity, our future lays.

(Singing together)

Hymn to the Space Between

(Verse 1)

We come from echoes of the past,
To listen to the space at last,
To see what openings may be,
In every word and silent plea.

(Chorus)

Oh, space between the words we find,
With sounds and resonances kind,
In stories, silences we bind,
A world of thought and heart combined.

(Verse 2)

Thrusting leaves and crashing stones,
Minerals and water tones,
Known sounds mapping the unknown,
In spaces we call our own.

(Chorus)

Oh, space between the words we find,
With sounds and resonances kind,
In stories, silences we bind,
A world of thought and heart combined.

(Bridge)

A space where speech is not the king,
Where other voicings rise and sing,
A million sounds together bring,
A struggle, care in everything.

(Verse 3)

A temporary space, it's true,
Opens, closes, we pursue,
A space of care and purpose too,
Supporting one, supporting you.

(Chorus)

Oh, space between the words we find,
With sounds and resonances kind,
In stories, silences we bind,
A world of thought and heart combined.

(Verse 4)

A space for art, for politics,
Affection's fire, desires fix,
A cosmos where we intermix,
Breaking free from old conflicts.

(Chorus)

Oh, space between the words we find,
With sounds and resonances kind,
In stories, silences we bind,
A world of thought and heart combined.

(Outro)

Here in this space, we crave, surrender,
Joyful rituals, sweet and tender,
Attentive hearts we render,
To build a world, a new agenda.

(She places her hands on his shoulders, their faces close together as they prepare to sing.)

Whatever any

Steep, sudden rain camouflages internally, hiding the clutter of plastic and an underestimated aggressive laugh. It stands as the ultimate barricade for any senses to reveal. Liturgy is for the healing of the senses of the universe, singing for the planets, the crow, the sparrow, and the tree. Branches extend, touching the sky constantly.

Thought, an emergency tool, proves useless in its entirety. It is none.

Another undefended place of boredom emerges with aluminum poles painted orange, set against a backdrop of orange mushrooms. In my dream, we performed pirouettes on random stages of the world—nomadic pirouettes saluting the sun with our own moves, rocky, humid, dangerous moves.

Thought, an emergency tool, proves useless. It is none.

Alien tree, alien curtain, alien light, alien backpack, shopping list with undefined alien products. Food is a taste simulation, a product of memory, yet it still defines sensations still defines cravings. Where does relief from desire occur? Is there an exit?

Liturgy us with rain and thunders, reflections of crystallized salt, and throw us in a pile of soil and leaves.

Moist heart, crawl, and sing until the clouds sing under its influence will change their course.

(She comfortably shifts on top of him; sometimes she goes all the way up to his shoulder and stands there. They sing against each other, sometimes in different pitches; when he squeezes her, she continues singing).

Practices of being together: live, eat, breathe, pray, stand, cut, pull, adjust, cry, train, look, listen, surrender, trust, wonder, afraid, kiss, tremble, come, align, run, step aside and forward, pause, touch, see, point, cluster, squeeze, crumble, defend, shout, scream, silent, gesture, leave, step back, grasp, aware of the restraint, escape, hallow,

beautiful essence of myriad colors. Take it all in, share without hesitation, loving clouds, remember again for the first time, loving morning mist. Feel grounded through another, not another, but how to be another as you being other and the other. Intimate, emotional forms set inhabiting, resisting enclosures, resounding together now.

Human suffering lies in the awareness of existence. The mind is entrapped within this way of thinking. Every function is under the spell of this very conventional conviction. Mind is more than that; it surpasses any form and way of awareness. It is vast and omnipresent. It is gravity, an unjustified connection between all with all. No mind can think of this, describe it, or grasp it. Isn't it a relief that it is not within my reach and my control that I exist? Why do I need to know the origin of my existence to believe in its presence? Instead, I practice settled forms of relaxing with this not knowing and surrender to its presence. Slowly, I become more aware of its omnipresence.

Heart Sutra.

(They are squeezed together, producing animal sounds, breaking sounds, their voices blending seamlessly as they sing together.)

Hymn for Gaza

(Verse 1)

In Gaza's land, where struggles rise,
Desperate voices, hungry cries,
Two million souls in dire plight,
Seeking peace through endless night.

(Chorus)

Oh, hear the cries of Gaza's plea,
For food, for peace, for liberty,
A land where hope is scarce to find,
We lift our hearts, our souls combined.

(Verse 2)

Beneath the skies of war's embrace,
Families struggle, face to face,
With hunger's grip, and fear's cruel hand,
In Gaza's small, beleaguered land.

(Chorus)

Oh, hear the cries of Gaza's plea,
For food, for peace, for liberty,
A land where hope is scarce to find,
We lift our hearts, our souls combined.

(Bridge)

Aid lorries strive to cross the line,
Through bombings, tears, in troubled time,
Yet food and care still lag behind,
In every child, a spark to find.

(Verse 3)

Communities from near and far,
Bring aid by land, by sea, by star,
With beans and rice, with flour and oil,
To ease the pain, to end the toil.

(Chorus)

Oh, hear the cries of Gaza's plea,
For food, for peace, for liberty,
A land where hope is scarce to find,
We lift our hearts, our souls combined.

(Outro)

May peace descend on Gaza's shore,
End suffering, let love restore,
In unity, we stand and strive,
For every soul to thrive, to thrive.

As they repeat, the recording stops. **He takes her in his arms** and they leave the room. While walking, she finds a way to step on him one last time, moving like a high monument. Their expressions remain flat, cold, and distant. They leave the space entirely. The visitors, even if they follow, realize that this is the end. **Outside, on the street, they repeat the last hymn.**
(On loop.)